The CASTLE of LIES

BY ARTHUR HENRY VISEY

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

To all purposes, I was a caged prisoner. The risk I had run to spy on them would be to no purpose unless I could surprise them at their night's work.

I raged at my impotence. Then I thought of the window. Perhaps there was a balcony.

There was no blind at the window, but wooden shutters that fastened with a catch. I pushed open the French windows. Yes, there was the balcony, and to my joy I saw that it extended the length of the suite.

And now a new difficulty stared me in the face. At any moment they might enter the bedroom, and when I had gained the balcony, outside the salon, would shutters prevent my seeing within?

As to the first risk I must take it. The door had jammed before; it would jam again. The noise made in opening it would give me some warning.

I gained the balcony; there were shutters, but I could see readily through the interstices.

It was the apartment we had first entered; and it bore unmistakable signs of having been minutely ransacked. A large empire desk had been pried open. Papers had been abstracted from the drawers and pigeonholes; they lay about in confusion. In more than one place the carpet had been torn up at the edges.

As I peered cautiously within, Dr. Starva was lowering the Venetian blind of another window. Evidently they were searching the room with the knowledge that an article of value was hidden there.

I heard Madame de Varnier cry out excitedly. A packet, concealed between the slats of a Venetian blind, had fallen to the floor.

Without a doubt it was for this packet of papers that they had been searching. Madame de Varnier tore the envelope in feverish haste. She scanned the contents of the papers with intense eagerness, Dr. Starva looking over her shoulder. As they read, their faces expressed disappointment and chagrin. Dr. Starva questioned Madame de Varnier repeatedly. She put aside his fierce inquiries with impatience.

And now I made a second discovery. I thought I understood the meaning of this extraordinary plot in coming to the hotel at Vitznau. I had guessed long since that I bore a sufficiently striking resemblance to Sir Mortimer Brett to deceive at least the first casual glance. Otherwise, why the amazement of the Bretts and Madame de Varnier in first seeing me? How else could I explain the events of the night? They had drugged me, or attempted to do so, that I might be oblivious to inconvenient inquiries or greetings. The hat and cloak of Sir Mortimer, which Dr. Starva had procured in some manner, were unusual enough in character to be readily recognized by the servants of the hotel. Sir Mortimer was known to be ill, and my condition would arouse no suspicion.

All the facts as I swiftly reviewed them fitted neatly. The inference was unmistakable:

This was the suite of Sir Mortimer Brett. They had come for the packet of papers they were now reading. The presence of Sir Mortimer Brett with them had gained them ready admission to his rooms.

And now that they had found the papers?

Had I served my purpose? Was the invitation to Madame de Varnier's chateau a ruse cleverly planned simply to bring me to this hotel as Sir Mortimer?

In that case I must be alert that they did not slip through my hands, leaving me here in Sir Mortimer's rooms to explain my predicament on the morrow as best I might.

Or was this the prelude to other adventures even more exciting? Was the game only just begun?

Still I watched them intently, while these perplexing questions demanded an answer. They had finished the papers now. Dr. Starva was seated in sullen gloom; Madame de Varnier glided to and fro in angry indecision.

A loud knock on the door opening into the hall startled me almost as much as themselves. Madame de Varnier thrust the papers into the bosom of her dress; then, while Dr. Starva at a sign from her answered the summons, she hastily restored the room to outward signs of order.

"What is it? Who is there?" Starva demanded in an agitated voice.

"It is Henri, the concierge," replied the intruder.

"To-morrow, to-morrow."

"But there is an English gentleman who says that he must see his Excellency."

It would be difficult to say whether this startling request alarmed them more than it did myself. I listened breathless. Dr. Starva's presence of mind seemed to have quite deserted him. He drew a revolver from his pocket. Madame de Varnier made a contemptuous sign expressive of his folly. He thrust it into his coat again; renewed his expostulations to the concierge. But the man was persistent. At last, at a signal from Madame de Varnier, he was admitted to the room. The presence of Madame de Varnier startled him. For the first time she spoke.

"My dear man, be discreet. Behold me, a woman, and at this hour of the night in a gentleman's apartment. Is not that a reason that you exercise your discretion?".

It was cleverly done, her pertubation and distraction. She made her appeal dramatically, her hands clasped in her anxiety.

"Madam is mistaken if she thinks I am not discreet," protested the little man. "If it were possible I would shield madam. But he stands without, in the hall, this stubborn Englishman. Madam can save her reputation only by retreating to the bedroom. Have no fear, I shall not betray madam."

It was time for me to beat a hasty retreat. But my curiosity still held me.

"Have I not told you," fiercely interrupted Dr. Starva, "that it is not his Excellency who is here with madam? It is a Mr. Haddon, and madam is his nurse and I am his physician. Tell this stubborn Englishman that, imbecile."

"Monsieur will please be reasonable. I cannot help using my eyes."

"Use them yourself if you will," desperately replied Starva. "But at least you need not tell this Englishman the truth."

"It is impossible to deceive him," persisted the concierge. "All day he has been waiting for his Excellency. A quarter of an hour ago he was smoking in the garden below. He has seen the light shining through the shutters of his Excellency's apartment. He knows that it is the apartment of his Excellency."

"You can tell him that you have placed Mr. Haddon in these rooms for the night only," persuaded Dr. Starva, producing his pocketbook.

"No, monsieur," replied the concierge sorrowfully, his eyes on the notes held toward him, "it is impossible. He will tell the manager and I shall lose my place."

"Go to this Englishman," interrupted Madame de Varnier; "demand his business. Say that his Excellency is ill, very ill. There have been days that he has not slept. His physician and his nurse have grave fears for his life if he is aroused. To awaken him is perhaps to bring on again a crisis of the nerves. But as soon as he awakes we will summon the Englishman."

"I go," the servant assented reluctantly. "But it will be useless."

I dared not await the result of his errand. I returned deliberately to my bed, deliberately, so that I might not lose my breath. I was in a terrible predicament. To rescue myself from it I must make known my true identity without an instant's delay. The knowledge that I certainly should not be believed made me hisitate. No; I had gone too far to retreat now. If my strait proved absolutely desperate and a confession was inevitable, I should be believed as readily later as now. In the meantime chance might favor me; and my ruse be not wholly in vain.

"Your Excellency!" He Said Gently. "Your Excellency!"

CHAPTER XIV.

The King's Messenger.

A minute passed and the bedroom door was again opened. Madame de Varnier and Dr. Starva conversed in hurried whispers, the electric light shining full on my face. I moved about restlessly, but did not open my eyes. Presently the woman seated herself at my bedside. Dr. Starva left the room, the door being slightly ajar.

I could not resist the temptation to half open my eyes. Madame de Varnier was praying fervently, regarding with passionate adoration a jeweled cross held before her eyes. A peremptory knock at the door of the drawing-room opening on the corridor put an abrupt end to these devotions, which seemed to me so incongruous. She clasped her hands; she listened, rigid with anxiety. It may be imagined that I myself listened, scarcely less anxious. It was the concierge again.

"Here is the Englishman's card. He says he is a king's messenger. He brings important dispatches. He insists that were his Excellency at the point of death he must none the less place these dispatches in his hands to-night."

"But as his Excellency's physician I forbid it," replied Dr. Starva, with determination.

"And," entreated the woman gliding to the door, "can you not make him understand how disagreeable it would be for me to be surprised in these rooms, and that it would annoy Sir Mortimer beyond measure?"

"It is useless, madam. Have I not told him that embarrassing circumstances make it impossible that his Excellency be officially recognized to-night?"

"And still he insists?" inquired Starva angrily.

"As only the stubborn English can insist. He is outside the door at this moment. He has sent me to you, not to ask permission, but to announce his coming. He refuses to go away until he has seen his Excellency. If the door is not opened in five minutes he will call the manager of the hotel."

"His name?"

"I am giving you his card."

"Captain Reginald Forbes," read Madame de Varnier. "Well, we will admit this Captain Forbes."

I listened to this dialogue with a trepidation that deprived me of power to think or act. That fatal indecision which, on certainly one occasion, had already brought its tragic penalty again seized me. The crisis impending might leave in its wake consequences too grave to be thought of—might leave me a man disgraced and liable to the extreme penalty of the law. And yet I lay still, in a nightmare of indecision and inaction. It was the same numbness of will that had paralyzed me on the Stralegg Pass. Heaven grant that the consequences now be not as disastrous!

I heard the click of a revolver. Then Captain Forbes was admitted to the salon.

"Where is Sir Mortimer Brett?" he demanded harshly. "I must see him without further delay. May I ask who you are, sir?"

"The physician of his Excellency," replied Starva, bowing. He was no longer attempting to deny that I was Sir Mortimer Brett. "Sir Mortimer is seriously ill. I refuse to permit him to be disturbed. I have brought him here to Vitznau, hoping that the old surroundings may induce him to sleep. It is a nervous disorder that has prostrated Sir Mortimer. He has suffered terribly from insomnia. There are moments when he is delirious. To bring him sleep it was necessary to give him an opiate, you understand. If he is awakened he may be sane or he may deny his very identity."

"Which is his room?"

"Captain Forbes, I forbid it. It is impossible. I warn you—"

Madame de Varnier opened the door of the bedroom quietly.

"If the gentleman insists on awaking Sir Mortimer we are powerless," she said gently. "But at least let him not be excited more than necessary, sir."

"I shall endeavor to follow your instructions, madam," said Forbes stiffly.

He strode to my bedside. I could imagine with what breathless anxiety the adventurers watched him. Was he sufficiently intimate with Sir Mortimer Brett to denounce me instantly as an impostor?

"Your Excellency!" he said gently. "Your Excellency!"

The immediate danger of discovery was past. At least he had not detected the deception so far. He called me again; he shook my shoulder respectfully. I opened my eyes.

"What is it?" I demanded, bewildered. I am horrified to-day when I think of the facility that was mine in playing this game of intrigue. I looked languidly from Captain Forbes to Madame de Varnier, who had resumed her seat at the bedside. The question was addressed to her.

She took my hand. "This is Captain Forbes, a king's messenger. He has brought you dispatches of importance."

"Ah, yes," I said wearily, and looked at him with dull eyes.

"I am sorry to arouse you, sir." Contempt for the man struggled with respect for his office. "But my orders at the Foreign Office were to give you these papers at the earliest possible moment. The business is urgent. May I suggest that you read them at once?"

My eyes unconsciously turned to Madame de Varnier for guidance. She stroked my hand gently.

"Do you not see that he is in no condition to be disturbed to-night?" she asked indignantly.

For the first time Captain Forbes hesitated. He placed one sunburned hand on his breast as if to guard jealously the dispatches he bore. That he should hesitate at all seemed to me incredible. But Captain Forbes seemed a fair example of that type of Englishman who performs his duty with the stubbornness and obstinacy of a fool as well as a hero. Chance often determines which of the two characters he shall assume. It is true he had not the remotest suspicion that I was not Sir Mortimer. But surely he must see that I was in the power of these adventurers.

All my fears reached a climax, when, looking steadily at me a moment, he turned to the others:

"I must speak to Sir Mortimer alone."

I saw Starva grasp the revolver concealed beneath his coat. Madame de Varnier silenced the protests on his lips with a meaning glance. She realized the uselessness of further resistance.

"You will not excite him more than necessary," she entreated anxiously. "And you must not be surprised to find his mind still confused as a result of the opiate given him."

"I shall spare him as far as possible," Forbes replied with some sternness. Drawing himself erect, his arms folded, he waited until the door had closed behind them.

My first impulse was to put an end to this farce. But again I hesitated. They were listening outside that door; every suspicion was alert; the slightest cause would fan the suspicion to a flame.

And then, what? I should have made myself ridiculous to no purpose. I had gone far in my reckless venture—too far to risk all by attempting to warn Captain Forbes at this crucial moment. His brain worked too slowly—he was too deficient in imagination—too much lacking in subtlety and finesse. I refused—recklessly, if you will, but deliberately—to risk the success of my scheme by drumming into the dull brain of Captain Forbes the true state of affairs. It would have taken him a good quarter of an hour to grasp merely the facts. At that time he would understand just enough of them to be stubbornly convinced that I was equally involved with the other two, but he would think my nerve had failed me and that I was attempting to purchase my own freedom from punishment at the expense of the others. And certainly they would drag me down with them, if for no other purpose than revenge. No; this was not the hour for confidences; Captain Forbes was not the man to be made a confidant at such an hour.

He looked down at me with cold respect. Outwardly I met his steady look with something of fortitude and composure, but beneath the clothes my two hands were clenched rigid.

From a silk bag suspended about his neck he produced two envelopes. He weighed them in his hand a moment; then he placed the bulkier of the two in its silk case. The other he held toward me.

"The Foreign Office, sir, has intrusted to me two dispatches. My orders are to place them in your hands at the earliest opportunity. But one of these dispatches I know to be of great importance. I shall therefore keep it for the present, unless you demand it."

"No, no," I muttered hoarsely, "I cannot receive it now."

"Then to-morrow, sir, I shall hope to find you in better health. Then I shall give you the second dispatch. This one I leave with you now, and may I suggest that you read it at your earliest convenience?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNION LABOR DEPARTMENT

Under the Auspices of the OGDEN TRADES ASSEMBLY

Address all Communications to W. M. PIGGOTT, Editor. 158 Twenty-fifth Street.

JUSTICE

We hear much these days about justice; but it has been so long since we have seen the real article, we doubt very much if we would be able to recognize it. Especially is this true in regard to labor disputes, and wherein the poor are pitted against the rich. And, let us say, we have no objection to one becoming wealthy if he does so honestly.

But in order to get a little understanding of what we mean, let us define the word, "Justice."

It is first, "the quality of being just. The rendering to everyone his due right, or desert; practical conformity to the laws and principles of rectitude in the dealings of men with each other; honesty, integrity in commerce or mutual intercourse; strict conformity to right and obligation; rectitude, integrity, impartiality."

Second—"Conformity to truth and reality; equal distribution of right in expressing opinions; fair representation of facts respecting merit or demerit."

Now, we wish to treat this subject in its relation to "labor" in the light of recent events.

In the first place, if all men were possessed of the "quality of being just," or were disposed to "render to everyone his due," there would be no need of the establishment of "tribunals for the administration of justice or equity," but such is not the case; hence these tribunals.

The courts, therefore, are presumed to be so versed in the science of law, or to be sufficiently familiar with the laws, customs, and the rights of men, or possess such knowledge of them as is necessary for the administration of justice.

That most courts are so informed, or that they possess such knowledge is beyond question; but that many of them do not use "equal distribution of right in expressing opinions," is just as evident to us. Of course, courts are composed of human beings possessed of human nature; and it is human to err. We can forgive an honest mistake, but we cannot lightly pass over a deliberate violation of the principle involved; hence, we say that not all courts are honest, sincere and free from the influence of those evils which surround them.

That this is a just conclusion may be determined by a comparison of decisions rendered in "trust" and "labor" cases.

It seems that some of our courts endeavor, or are willing to make "fish of one and flesh of the other," for some decisions handed down in "trust" cases are so dissimilar to those in "labor" cases. For instance, when the Standard Oil was brought to book for "conspiracy in restraint of trade;" when railroads were found guilty of rebating; when the meat, and other trusts, were convicted of accepting rebates, and of being in conflict with the anti-trust law. They publish just what they pleased relative to the case and conduct ofd the trial, an were never censured for it; and were then fined a nominal sum it; and were then fined a nominal sum for their grave offense, but never one officer of any of those great institutions, so inimical to the wellbeing of our country, was ever sent to jail. And when it was all over, they paid the fine and then proceeded to raise the price so that the people should not be denied the privilege of assisting in the payment of said fine. But not so with the leaders and officers of the great and beneficial American Federation of Labor. When, after a prolonged and an exhaustive trial those men were convicted of the enormous crime (?) of contempt of the order of the court; which consisted really of saying that they should not tell their constituents that the product of any firm was made by scab labor; they were ordered confined in prison for an hitherto unheard of length of time, according to the offense charged. Now, compare the two cases, the first, caught red handed in the violation of a statutory law, fined, and the people pays the fine. The second, convicted of no crime in the first place, enjoined from publishing the unfair list, which they ceased to do, but convicted of contempt of court because they dared to tell their fellow workers of the case and what they were compelled to do, in an editorial, in a speech, and through personal and circular letters, were sent to prison.

That may be law, and be thought by some to be good law, but we fail to discover the least semblance of justice therein. But possibly we are not sufficiently versed in legal jurisprudence to be a competent judge. Our people do not ask for nor expect favors, nor would they accept them; but we do expect that courts, in rendering decisions, will "conform to truth and reality." That they will be guided by "practical conformity to the laws and principles of rectitude," and "meet out to every one his just due, fairly representing facts respecting merit or demerit in strict conformity to right and obligation, with impartiality, and not in such plain conformity to the wishes of some defies the world has ever seen. For be it remembered, brothers, that according to Judge Wright's decision, if two of you should meet upon the street, or any place else, and should you conclude to not purchase any article manufactured by a certain firm, you are in conspiracy in restraint of trade, and therefore in contempt of court, and are liable to arrest therefor; for according to the decision handed down, every firm has a "property right" in every man's patronage, which must not be interfered with. This, also, may be good (?) law, but we fail to see the point. We should, therefore, be careful; because it is difficult to guess just what contortions the law will be called upon to elucidate next. O, justice! As thou boldest thy scales in thy hand, what wilt thou remove from the one side or add to the other to cause them to exactly balance?

PLEASANT TIME.

Members of the Ogden Trades and Labor Assembly were treated to a pleasant surprise in the reception of an invitation to attend a smoker given on Wednesday evening by the Carpenter's Union. A very pleasing and interesting program was rendered, including short and instructive speeches by several members of the Trades Assembly and others; when the announcement came that "supper is now ready in the dining car," to which place we all adjourned with pleasure. After indulging in a delightful feast of the material things of life, the "flow of soul" and "feast of intellect" was indulged in for more than an hour, when three cheers was proposed for the toastmaster, W. S. Flewelling and his union, after which it was unanimously voted that all had enjoyed the evening as one of the green spots—an 'oasis in the desert"— in the midst of the trials and turmoils of life.

We think that such occasions as this are far too infrequent. We believe that there should be steps taken looking to the formation of a social club for union men where they could meet together for pleasure and literary purposes away from the grind of regular business. We hope to see something of the kind undertaken in the near future. We think it would create much enthusiasm and be very instructive. What do you say, boys? lets try.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY W. C. T. U.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

MISS FRIEDA DRESSEL, MRS. U. WAY.

GETTING RECRUITS.

They were standing ofgether, hand in hand, one five-foot-five, and the other—well, scarcely knee high. A small boy in front was giving orders, which were gravely obeyed. As I came up, he said, "Now, I am going to swear you in, and you will have to stick for sure, 'cause 'twould be mean to back out on your swear, and you know you are in for life. Look right at me and hold up your hands and say, 'I won't never drink no more cider as long as I live, nor anything else that's bad, I swear it.' You say it first, Big Jim, and then, Little Jim, you say it. Then I'll take your hands and swear it with you and it will have to keep always. When I take you to the meeting they will give me a prize for bringing two recruits; 'spose they will say one is too old and the other too young, but if I tell them how awful drunk you was, they will let you go, I guess."

"Never mind about the drunk," said Big Jim, nervously, "just say we are twins and that you have sworn us in—that will settle it, I am sure."

Afterwards I heard the story from Aunt Jane.

"He brought me a bundle from down town," she said, "and he was such a bit of a fellow to do errands. Then he took off his cap so cutely that I should certainly have asked him in to warm, only his shoes were so muddy and the rain dripped off his elbows; so I said: 'You stand under the shed a minutes and I'll bring you a doughnut and a cup of cider'—for I had just drawn some. He said something as I turned away, but I did not hear what. When I came back, he took the doughnuts, but not the cider.

"'What's the matter; don't you like it?' I asked.

"'Yes, marm, I like it well enough, but I'm a Legioner.'

"'A what! What are htey? Are they all as small as you are'?

"'No'm, I'm 'bout the smallest, but I shan't be when Jim joins—that's my little brother, who is only waiting for his new clothes.'

"'Well, what's that to do with cider?' I asked.

"'Why, we swear off 'bout cider and all drunk things, you see.'

"'Folks don't get drunk on cider unless they drink a lot; and no one need be silly enough to do that,' I told him.

"'Well, our teacher says this is a drunken town, and all along with the cider. There is a fellow down to your gate who can hardly stand up; and when I said, 'You are 'most drunk,' he only laughed and said, 'Mother's cider did it.'"

"I turned to see what he meant, and there was my Jim, standing out in the rain—a big, strapping fellow, going on twenty, and all I've got in the world! May be you think I stopped for the rain and mud! No, indeed! I ran and caught him just as he was slipping down to the ground. I put my arms around him and the little fellow helped me to get him into the house; and then he went down to the floor, and I on my knees beside him.

"'Oh, Jim, my boy!' I cried, and he just laughed in a silly way.

"'Is he your Jim, and is he drunk on your cider? My! I should think you would cry.'

"And what that little youngster said was just right. It struck me all in a heap. I deserved it all. Oh, you can't tell me anything about suffering. Jim slept like a log, and when I wasn't praying I was working. I drew off every drop of cider and carried it out to the drain. It might acone for vinegar, but I couldn't take any chances wiht having it in the house, on account of my boy, you see.

"Toward morning Jim roused up and felt awfully; told me how it happened, and all. I had buried his father and sisters years before, but this was the hardest time I ever had, for, you see, I had myself to blame for it.

"Some women from the village had driven up here some months before, and asked me to join hteir society, but they had cider in their pledge, and, you see, we old fashioned people always made cider and thought we must; besides, I kinder felt they were minding my business. Jim knew how I laughed about it, and he said, 'You ought to have offered them some of your cider and told them it was a good temperance drink—that mother's cider wouldn't hurt anybody.'

"I had been getting slack about praying, you see; but that night, after I had caught Jim in such a plight, I reckon I caught up and I made some good promises to God if He would save my boy.

"Bright and early next morning the little fellow came round and brought his brother.

"'I thought you might want some help, and I brought Jim 'long 'cause he's sorry 'bout it, too.'

"What did my Jim do but cry when he saw the little fellows; and the youngest one went and climbed up in his lap and put his arms 'round Jim's neck and kissed him.

"'You are Jim and I am Jim, too, and Bob says we can join the League together. Will you?' and he kissed him again.

"Well, you could do anything with my Jim after that. Those two boys kept coming and it is a long walk for them. Bob would come and whisper to me, 'He's all right, and I am getting them ready to start—the two Jims. Miss Nelson—that's our teacher—says she guesses they will be the long and the short of it—one so big and the other so little, but I have got them both in.'

"That's what you saw, the starting off to be Legioners, and Jim winks and says, 'The Temperancers got some recruits for sure when they got you and me, mother, and we are in for life, Bob says. I am going to let him show me off to the meeting Friday night, and I have got him to leave out about your cider—that's too bad on you, I think.'

"That's like Jim always so kind; but, all the same, I shall tell the women, when I go to join the union, and may be someone else will benefit by my sorrowful experience. You see, cider is made all through our farming country, and people do not realize the danger. But, perhaps, if they could only be made to see the frequent grave results of 'just cider,' many might be persuaded to join the 'recruits' along with the two Jim's."

MARTIN LUTHER ON THE DRINK EVIL

"At the time of the Reformation in the fifteenth century, the curse of strong drink had already wrought great havoc among the German people. Martin Luther, who was such an outspoken man on matters pertaining to the real welfare of his people, had something to say on this question that is worthy of repetition to this day. In his commentary on the one hundred and first Psalm, he writes as follows:

"Every country must have its own evil spirit. Italy has hers, and France hers. Our German demon must be the wine cask, and called 'drink' because his thirst can not be quenched by immense drafts of wine and beer. He has always caused, and yet continually causes, unspeakable injuries disgrace, murder and all sorts of calamities to body and soul, which should deter us from following after him, but yet 'drink' remains a mighty idol with the Germans."

In his "Tabletalk" Luther refers to the beer question in the following words:

"Whoever first brewed beer has prepared a pest for Germany. I have prayed to God that He would destroy the whole brewing industry. I have often pronounced a curse upon the brewer. All Germany could live on the barley that is spoiled and turned into a curse by the brewer."

For four hundred years the valiant reformer's words have seemingly remained unheeded by the German people; but now, at last, they have become thoroughly awakened on this most important subject.—International Good Templars.

TRADE MARKS.

Sherlock Holmes Picks Out the Vaccinationists and Labels Them.

Sherlock Holmes, seated on the board walk, languidly injected a pint of cocaine into his sunburnt arm.

"My dear Watson," said the detective, "let us beguile an hour by picking out the occupations of these vaccinationists. In their cheap white flannels they all think they look like millionaires, but—ha, ha—what a delusion!

"There goes a waiter. Waiters are to be told by the size of their feet and the soft, careful way they set them down.

"The man in the imitation Panama hat is a tanner. His clear and ruddy complexion gives him away. The tanning trade imparts to the face a peculiarly healthy look. Why shouldn't it? What is good for dead skins must be good for living ones.

"She is a cook, the stout, scarlet lady getting weighed. Her fire, of course, gave her that unmistakable color, but it was not the eating of food that made her so fat. No; cooks have notoriously poor appetites. It was the inhalation that filled her out. Cooks inhale their fat. That is cheaper for the mistress, isn't it?

"The little, thin chap in the large bathing suit is a groom. All good grooms are small and bowlegged, and they all wear tight trousers and are partial to brown.

"Do you see, my dear Watson, the stately man whose overtures the girl in white just repulsed? Well, he is an actor. The muscles in his face show it. Actors, you know, by the continual practice of expression, develop face muscles as marked as the arm muscles of a baseball pitcher."

Will Have Plenty of Water.

When New York city's Catskill aqueduct is completed the city will have water enough for a population of 7,000,000, without any cause for anxiety.

THE FIFTIETH WOMAN.

The fiftieth woman who had answered the trust magnate's advertisement for a stenographer stood modestly at the desk of the prospective employer wondering secretly why the forty-nine who had preceded her in the line had gone away looking so downcast. It did seem as if one out of all that number ought to have met the ordinary requirements of a business man. The trust magnate sighed as the candidate sank into the chair to which he motioned her. "Experienced," he asked, sharply. "Yes, sir," the candidate replied. "Can you read your notes?" was question number two. "You might try me," responded the young woman. The trust magnate ignored the suggestion. "We want a young woman who is strictly honest," he said. "There is considerable money handled in the office; much of it will pass through the hands of the person who gets this vacant position. "Are you honest?" The bluntness of the question somewhat disconcerted the candidate, but she finally replied: "My honesty was never questioned, sir." Several seconds elapsed. The magnate was gazing straight into the eyes of the young woman. "Forty-nine of them have just told me the same thing," he said slowly, "but I did not believe them." He paused again and the girl's hopes sank. She really must have work. What would she do, she thought, if this day passed. Her reverie was interrupted. "Do you use face powder," came from the man across the desk. "I—I beg your pardon, sir," stammered the young woman, "but I don't believe I understood your question." "Do you use face powder?" the man repeated in the same firm manner. "Why—why, yes, sir, I do—that is, I do sometimes," confessed the candidate, vaguely wondering what face powder had to do with taking dictation. "You may begin work at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning," said the trust magnate, shortly; "the forty-nine who preceded you confessed their honesty, but denied using face powder, although their faces were plastered especially for the occasion. We want a truthful young woman."

Open Enemy Least Dangerous.

Better an open enemy than a false friend.—Spanish proverb.